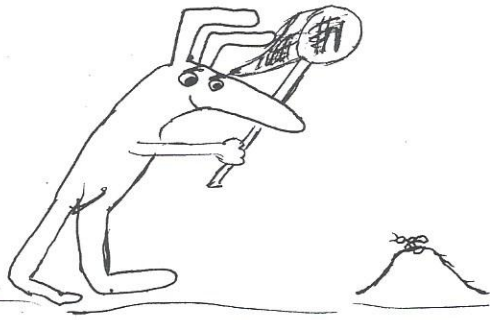


THE ANTEATER



“ Back Afloat! ”
Issue

Spring thro Summer 1973



Stalking the wild

ANTEATER

A pasttime fit for
Spring and Summer 1973

University Of Md. Terrapin Trail Club Group Endeavor Vol 3 #IV

Future Trips:

August 10 - 12: Canoeing on the Batsto and Egg Rivers in New Jersey
See Druid-- 927-6969.

For a composit of trips, since most are spur of the moment types,
come t o the meetings at the Student Union Room ???(if you've
got a copy of the Anteater, you must know it) on Wednesdays at 7:30.

Changes in club officers merit a new listing:

- President: Kathy Canter 445-1017
- Vice Pres: Doug Gaum
- Treasurer: Scott Lawrence 927-6969
- Secretary: Jo Smith 864-8809

Also, the Anteater has two new editors, for as long as they can
handle the typing etc. Bear with us please.
If you have anything(and you'd better)please submit it to either

Eric Erbe or Scott Lawrence at meetings, or call us about it(927-6969)
or deposit it in the envelope up in the office.

EDITORIAL:

Due to the heat of the summer and the lack of contributions to
the Anteater, there hasn't been one for a while. There have been
quite a few trips out since school ended, but few of them have been
written up. So this issue contains leftovers from Spring, as well
as the stuff you've submitted since. Some are outdated, but this
issue is just to let everyone know we're back in print anyway, so
you'll write to us. Also, if you have any ideas as to how the
Anteater could be improved--new features, listings, ads, etc--please
give them to us also.

Eds.

NORTH FORK MOUNTAIN: Feb. 2-4

On Friday, Feb. 2, eleven of us left in the rain for a back-packing trip -- destination undecided. We met in Front Royal and decided on North Fork Mountain. Friday night we camped at the base of the trail, at the Chimney Top end. Saturday we hiked ten miles or so to the North Fork Mt. fire tower and set up camp in the trail a little further on. It snowed all day Saturday so there wasn't much view, but we did get a touch of winter -- about 1/2 inch of snow. Sunday the sun came out -- the weather was like late fall or early spring, but definitely not like winter. The views were great. We hiked about 7 miles out to Field House where we picked up Mitch's van and went back to the beginning to pick up Knud-Hansen's car. Art had bagged out Saturday morning, but he left us a water cache at the fire tower so we didn't have to carry all our water with us. We hit the "Good Food" for dinner and then headed home. Hikers included Mark, Mitch, Druid, Marilyn, Ev, Beth, Bud, Art, John, Diane, and myself.

Jo Smith

Assordid Recipe:

- Brown 1/2 cup instant rice(uncooked) in 2 Tbsp. fat
- Add 1 cup water or bullion
- Add 1 4oz. can tomato sauce
- If desired add chicken, ham or turkey, and green peppers and/or corn.
- Cook until rice is tender
- Takes about 20 minutes including finding the ingredients.
- May be eaten with a little chili powder mixed in.
- Weird, but good.

CRANBERRY BACKCOUNTRY (March 15-17)

(Map references are to the Cranberry Backcountry guide put out by the W.Va. Highlands Conservancy.)

We started out late Thursday afternoon by not being able to find where Forest Service road 76 crosses the Highland Scenic Highway. (Contrary to all maps, HSH is not yet complete and must be entered from the south.) We parked at the head of the North-South trail instead and followed it to FS 76, and then we went a couple of miles along 76 toward our objective, the Big Beechy trailhead. We camped in the middle of FS 76, although we could have gone 100 yards further and camped in a nice meadow where FS 76 meets the District Line trail(ignorance is bliss). Temperatures were in the short sleeve range, and we lamented bringing down bags, mittens, etc..

The second day we hiked the Big Beechy trail to where it meets the Middle Fork of the Williams River--about 8 miles. This must be one of the prettiest forest trails in the East. The eastern part passes through a possibly virgin stand of spruce--lots of rotting logs and 4 foot diameter stumps, all covered with bright green moss and ferns. The trail also passes through several groves with living trees up to 3 feet in diameter. The weather was still warm, but it rained most of the day.

There are lots of good campsites where Big Beechy Run joins the Middle Fork, and we had the area all to ourselves except for a couple of oldtimers who passed through digging gramps(ramps? grams?- they're little plants that have a root like a scallion and stink- eat them raw as a salad). The second night was rainy and windy, but still warm. Temperatures dropped early the 3rd morning and we got a couple of hours of sleet. This then changed to snow, sometimes very heavy. Wading Big Beechy Run was an invigorating way to start the

day's hike out FS 108. FS 108 parallels the Middle Fork and has some very scenic sections; it is also the easy route out.

Having had our fill of wading in ice water, we decided to bushwack around a mile long stretch where 108 crosses the river and then crosses back. All this required was a 1½ hour traverse across a 50° slope with snow covered wet leaves and rocks for footing. And we still had to cross two large streams on the slope. Intelligent and easy it wasn't, but it did wonders for our self-confidence since we broke no bones and only came moderately close to splattering ourselves on the river rocks below. Next time we'll wade and stay on 108.

By the time we reached the car in midafternoon there was a full scale blizzard in progress: 4-5 inches of snow accumulated and a very strong wind--it must have been gusting to well over 50 or 60 mph. At times visibility was only 10 yards. (We were no longer sorry that we had brought our mittens along.) We got the chains on the car and spent an hour in first gear plowing our way down the mountain. By luck alone we were able to drive around the fallen trees and stay out of the drainage ditches. Then back to the Queen City of the Potomac, one day early but happy with the trip.

The Cranberry Backcountry is a 5-6 hour drive from D.C., but it's worth every minute of it if you have a couple of full days to spend there. It is certainly some of the best eastern country outside of New England.

Curt and Joanne

OSMOND BROTHERS CONCERT

Some mythical time in early spring, Curt, John ____, Celia, Rich, Randy, his sister, a sundry friends, and I headed out for a Sunday hike at--you guessed it--Old Rag. The sun was shining fairly hotly for the time of year I guess. At any rate, it prompted me to go shirtless. Picked up a few rays which were soon thereafter lost to the ages.

Anyway, Celia and I had quite a running punning funning cunning game of chess(only figuratively)on the way up that had everyone in Rich's wagon in stitches, tears, or groans(mostly the latter two). I don't know if Check-Mate was ever reached, but my Bank Americard sure came in handy...

We got to the road that leads up to the parking lot. There were cars backed up for a good quarter of a mile if not much more along both sides of the road. We found a spot fairly close and parked, then started the walk up. The trail was vacant of people(we were later to find that all were up top already--and we were by no means late!). The group spread out and everyone trekked at their respective paces. I did some scrambling on the way; reached an intriguing impasse in my travels that involved a perilous descent. When I got up to the rock trail, I tried to lose myself on top, with the result of finding the same wrong route I had taken my first time there. It also involved a scary climb down. We met on the last major outcrop before the top, and had lunch. Randy and Curt both did a climb, and Curt did his first belay. Caught some Bibionid flies(nomenclature courtesy of Celia and microscope), and headed on up to the top.

Up top we had a snowball battle whilst running around a little too haphazardly. Then we descended, talking about the "Power stride" that Castaneda talks about in Journey to Ixtlan. Stopped to catch a minifish in the stream at the end, and left for Good Foodsville.

The story behind the Osmond Brothers is simple. Among the numerous(30 per camera-shot)people there were a group of teeny boppers with a portable record player. Playing the Osmonds. Disgusting.

Oh, Ashley came too, but a little later, and had her own quiet day of hiking.

Scott

DELIVERANCE FEVER:

Recently a new disease of interest to outdoor people was identified at Blacksburg, Va. It has reached near epidemic proportions in some areas, notably the Chatooga River. The disease is Deliverance Fever, caused originally by the movie of the same name. Examine yourself to see if your symptoms fit the syndrome and, if you are infected, start treatment immediately as several people have already died from it.

The Deliverance Syndrome consists of the following symptoms:

- 1) Overconfidence.
- 2) Little or no prior experience in whitewater.
- 3) Inadequate equipment.
- 4) Too small a group.
- 5) The urge to "beat the river" in whitewater.
- 6) The belief that whitewater is easy, that a beginner can just hop in his canoe and run hard rapids.
- 7) The belief that whitewater is not dangerous.
- 8) Thinking the movie "Deliverance" was realistic.

If you exhibit 3 or more of these symptoms, you are infected and, if you value your life, take the cure immediately.

Treatment:

- 1) Stay off the rivers, unless you join a group of competent canoeists. I recommend those in the American Whitewater Affiliation and would be cautious in joining others.
- 2) Realize that one canoe is not enough for a safe trip.
- 4) Realize that even "easy" whitewater is dangerous and difficult for beginners.
- 3) Realize that You are a Beginner.
- 5) Get a good dose of common sense, caution, and humility.
- 6) Get a copy of the AWA Safety Code and follow it. Unlike some outdoor codes there is nothing theoretical in it and every rule is important.
- 2) Know your limited ability and don't burden others by going on a trip you aren't yet experienced enough for. If you try to "muddle through" a river beyond your ability, you'll end up with a broken boat or worse.

anonymous

Assordid Recipe #14-17-15---"Gorpus Organicus"

Somewhat equal parts of:

- whole millet
- sunflower seeds
- rolled oats
- macroflaked rye
- wheat germ

Saute gently in this order in butter if yer rich, oleo if yer not, vegetable oil if yer stomach's strong untill the ingredients are browned.

Add fruit to taste:

Raisins, apricots, apples are especially good!

Warning---Beware of ye Brown Cloud...

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL ANTEATER'S UNION---SUBMIT!

If by now the infamy of turnover #3 hasn't reached you, please allow me to confess. Kathy and I, Erbe and Linda, and Freki headed up to Muddy Creek in Pennsylvania on Sunday amidst the rain-ugh! I sought shelter in a fallen-down stone house while the shuttlebug crawled slowly to and fro. Rain stopped shortly after the put-in, in fact, the sun even smiled upon us once or twice. The first part of the river has only a couple of rapids, IIs and maybe one III. There's one real neat one that dropped about three feet and required a fast twist to the right. All-in-all the first several miles are a joy-ride. The current's fast enough to make the flatwater enjoyable too.

Then there loomed a tree. Crossing the whole river. No rapids, but just enough room to get under. So Kathy and I headed through. She made it through, but as it came closer I had visions of having my back impaled on a stump, or being attacked by a sycamore ball or something, so I tried to back out. Needless to say, I was unsuccessful. Instead, we went broadside and swamped. Not without humor, however. I grabbed the tree and hung on for a minute to give it hell and to practice retable manoevers--also unsuccessfully. Then I met Kathy below where she had pulled the canoe ashore. Wet, cold, and our dry clothes were in the shuttle(never again). We continued on for a while, portaged the next tree, and finally succumbed to the elements and bagged out before the gorge. Kathy went to the shuttle for dry clothes, the others canoed on, and I stayed with the canoe.

We may have been fortunate to have missed the gorge. We heard tales of a broached Grendel, monster waves, and a class VI. Kathy got a hot meal at a farmhouse, Freki got Grendel back, and I got frostbit. Three and a half hours later I was snatched from the grip of the cold and we headed for eatstville and a hot shower...Ahh!

Oh well, we'll get back there sometime to see what we missed in the gorge. Thus far in our canoeing partnership, Kathy and I have wiped out 3 of 4 times. Not a bad percentage, even if it is ass backwards.

Scott

Six went-four got wet-and all returned from canoeing on the North Fork March 24(or thereabouts).

The river was crawling with canoeists, kayakists and spectators swarmed on the shores as new boats and wet suits sparkled. Grendel, I must admit, looked unique. Easwin looked? Yoder's canoe, whatever it's named, looked like a canoe-one of three isn't bad.

Ron and I upset just a few minutes from the start. COLD!! It turns out that Ron was setting into an eddy and I wasn't. I discovered synthetic sweaters hold no warmth at all when wet and weigh 15 pounds. Life jackets are handy in this situation. We slogged ashore, wrung ourselves out and continued on.

We stopped to render assistance to two forlorn looking canoeists who had managed to swamp a green Grumman complete with spray cover. Without Ron and Scott and an unknown kayaker from South Carolina, it would probably still be there.

Ron and I and Scott and Kathy then continued down the next channel and met Erbe and Yoder who told of watching as a silver canoe was rescued from the bottom of the first channel.

We stopped for lunch along a grassy bank and noticed we were being observed, but thought nothing of it until we heard an unusual "pop!" as we left. Kathy claims it was a gunshot. I don't know.

After lunch, Easwin cleverly maneuvered a rapid and flipped entering an eddy in a flat pool below it. Scott and Kathy never did

flip. This might say something about eddy turns, or overconfidence, or both.

We took out just after Dolly Camp Grounds and carried up the steep slope as Erbe and Yoder did Hopeville Canyon more quickly than seems possible.

Ron and Scott went swimming--on purpose! Kathy got half wet. Did I go in? Well, someone had to record the event for posterity and no one else could work my camera--could they?

We returned to field house where we were staying--3 canoes and 6 people in Eric's car. We cooked dinner and took the canoes off and the six of us made a run to the State Store in Elkins.

The next morning dawned grey and damp and we settled for going to the Hermitage to check on rules for the Petersburg race the next weekend.

Me

HELPFUL HINT #577--Shaking an egg will not distinguish between raw and hard-boiled(ask Freki). Try either spinning or candeling.

SPRING BREAK WINTER TRIP or THE WHITE MOUNTAIN PING-PONG MATCH:

9-17 March Eric Erbe, Bud Lippy, Marilyn Morrison, Mitch Stucker.

After 1½ months intensive preparation and 1 week of utter chaos, we all piled into the Mini-Winni(my van)about 7:31 Friday evening and realized that either

- (1) all the equipment could go, or
- (2) we could go, or
- (3) what was needed was an intensive repacking session.

After a lot of(3) we picked up two more riders who it turned out were paying part of the gas money on the way up in return for a grand tour of all the parking lots of the N.Y. bus terminal at some obscure place called the Port Authority Building. After leaving them there, we disappeared into the bowels of N.Y.C. and somehow, about 6-8 hours later were spewed forth into the White Mountains.

We spent Saturday running around N.Conway, primarily EMS and finally bedded down at Barn's Field for the Night. We decided to spend Sunday snowshoeing into Sawyer's Pond and then Monday coming back out again.

The Sawyer River Trail into Sawyer Pond was a nice leisurely hike. The only real problem we had was when the trail ended in a little swamp. After much mucking around, we end up backtracking a little and then plunging on through, during which I lost one instep cramp-on(should have put in one more granny knot). Eric's new Optimus 111B got its first field test in the shelter there and passed with flying(flaming?)colors. It even attracted an honest-to-God white mouse which had come out and be amazed by all the fireworks.

The next morning we took the grand tour of Sawyer Pond, leaving the gear with the white mouse. During the tour Eric found an ice-ax which just happened to be his size.

We then packed up, bid the white mouse farewell, and took off down the Sawyer Pond Trail. We only had one slight problem: about ¼ mile from the end of the trail we came upon a little babbling brook which was now up due to the warm weather and light rain we had been having. Well, we looked at the water, and then at the map, then at the water, then at each other, and then at the water!

We decided to muddle on through, which we proceeded to do, in pairs. Fortunately for us, it was only waist deep, but it was, to say the least, a breath-taking experience. Well, after clambering out, there we were, high and dry, on an island! However, the water on the other side was only about knee deep, so we were able to

continue our muddling. Bud and Marilyn stayed to change and Eric and I charged across the snow to the end of the trail and the highway where we changed and Mitch-of-the-Magic-Thumb got a ride back to the van. Then it was back to Barnes Field for another extravaganza evening in the Mini-Wini.

The next morning dawned clear and calm so we decided it was the day to climb Washington. Marilyn wanted to stay at Tuckerman's Ravine and I only went up against my better judgement. They said it was a nice climb up(I thought I was going to die!) but once up, it was beautiful, as the sky was clear(visibility 75 miles) and the temp was in the 40's. Coming down, we glassaded the first 1000 feet or so(Glassade is a German word for sliding on one's ass)and then started walking again. Once at Lion's Head again, thanks to my coordination and grace, I got to do an Honest-to-God self-arrest.

The rest of the trip down was quite uneventful and we got back about 6:30.

We planned a trip up to Imp Trail Thursday and Friday, which turned out to be the best trip of the week.

We left the van at route 16 and went up along Stoney Brook Trail, and up and up and up...

The Imp Cut-Off Trail takes off about halfway up, and one version of it intersected the Carter-Mariah trail. The Imp Shelter got lost somewhere along the way, so we camped on the trail. Next morning we continued on up N. Carter Mtn. which was the steepest part of the trail, but once up the view was beautiful, as we were about 500 feet below the cloud ceiling and you could see clouds forming right in front of you. From there the rest of the trip was a leisurely and scenic trip down, highlighted by Imp Face overlook, which was a fantastic view of the valley. Once down, out came the magic thumb, but I still had to walk out of sight of the rest of the group to get a ride.

After collecting in the van, we spent the rest of the evening trying to search out a can of black cherries to make cherries jubilee. Failing at that we had to settle for fruit cocktail and peaches jubilee(remember we were roughing it!).

Next morning we took a picture postcard trip of the area and then headed back. Following up on an EMS bulletin board tip, we stopped on the way back at an obscure place called Rhode Island and Eric bought a plastic peanut which he affectionately calls a C-2.

Arriving late Saturday morning, we had time to rest up before trying the PP out on the Patapsco on Sunday, but that's another trip.

Oh yes, about the ping-pong match! While drying our clothes at Pickham Hotel after the great river-crossing, I retired undefeated after beating all comers in ping pong. Only mighty Marilyn came close, but choked at 18-20, after which I came back to win 22-20. (Autographs are available at any TTC meeting, even informal ones.)

Mitch

Note: Any exaggerations are included for the enjoyment of the readers and the glorification of the participants, the author in particular.

Assordid Recipe #5-18-16--ERP!

A delightfully tantalizing departure from the everyday gorpies. Mix more or less equal parts of sunflower seeds, pumpkin seeds, cashews, raisins, cara-coa(carob)nuggets. This is the original recipe. Other goodies that go well are peanuts, roasted soybeans!! and chickpeas?? Three or four handfuls and you'll discover the origin of the name...excuse me...

Apologies from ye mad typist, it's been a while since O've hae anu pradtic3 ar thes.

Where is everyone? The Trail Club has an office. The library is now on campus and open about 12 hours a week. Those hours are posted-along with numerous other notices-on the bulletin board.

Here I sit every day about lunch time and talk, on occasion to non club members. Why doesn't anyone eat lunch here?

If members would come whenever they have a little free time, we could make the office-such as it is-into a real meeting place.

Kathy

(ed note--this one is temporarily outdated)

Muddy Creek-Revisited: 4/29

Sunday morning we got packed up and on the road pretty early from the lock 12 area near Holtwood Dam. We were aiming for Muddy Creek-the Bain of Kathy and I some weeks ago. Behind us lay Pequea River which we had run the day before. Pequea was flat for the most part with a nice class IV that Eric and Linda ran in the "rubber boat" (berrigan--C-2). The Prekis and Art and Gary had left after Pequea and the rest of us dried our clothes and searched for the lovely campsite that we all, exhausted, sought endlessly.

Anyway, we got on Muddy Creek fairly early Sunday morning just below a dam that had made Erbe wish for Swede a few weeks prior. Immediately we were picked up by Dog-a canine who took an interest in us. Muddy Creek is now famous for its river dogs--2 trips, 2 dogs. We started into the gorge with extreme caution, scouting all rapids rather carefully. When we arrived at Grendel's Bain we studied it at length and Eric and Linda ran it beautifully. Kathy and I tried and after some trouble entering the chute we got in correctly-and turned over at the bottom of the drop. Julie and Eric ran it while Celia, Kathy, Dog and I looked on.

We stopped at the Class VI for lunch. Soggy bread and other goodies. Dog slept through courteously and gave a grateful wag after a tick-cleaning and a meal of leftovers. On now into the rock-walled gorge--no shore for Dog to run on so he swam. He usually picked the best chutes, and displayed excellent knowledge of ferrying techniques. He had some kind of spirit and guts to swim through some of the rapids, which were class III. We all made it through the gorge without incident and came to a long flat stretch where Eric and Linda and Kathy and I played bow/stern switchies, and Dog ran along shore.

When we got to the Susquehanna, Kathy and I put Dog in the canoe, and headed out to meet the others. He freaked out after a few minutes and jumped out to swim behind us. We led him to shore as he refused to do so without us. He shook off and ran happily along-guess he wasn't a canoeing type dog. Losing track of him we got back to canoeing playfully, thereby losing track of the take-out too, by about a mile or so. 180° and a mile later we found the car_Dog greeted us there. We loaded up and returned to the put-in_Dog came along. I was going to take him home, but he quietly told me he'd rather stay. If you ever get to Muddy Creek and see him there(you should know him on sight)tell him I said hi.

We had a bite at el-Plastico and drove home. Another fine weekend of canoeing thrills.

Scott

It has been said that whitewater canoeing is a healthy sport. I would wish to support the recent article in "American Whitewater" which states to the contrary. Crotch-rot and foot-rot are not uncommon among avid canoeists. Soon the sign of the times will show the true canoeist to be the one who has experienced such ills.
Burma Shave.

Assordid recipe #7:

Take one sizeable goat. Divide into 3 equal portions. Distribute betwixt Eric, Rich and Scott. Serve up hot. Yield---3 portions of:

IDJIT TRIP: SNP/Skyline hike -- 5/25 or so...

After sidestepping the First Annual Front Royal Race Riot we headed up to the beginning of the AT and prepared to start. Fog was thick, rain was thin but plentiful, and the darkness was. We left at 11:00 PM-5½ hours prior to our originally scheduled start. Up the first hill, we got our wind, stuffed it in our sails, and verily flew along at the blinding speed of 4mph. Using one flashlight, shilouettes, and our superb nighttime tunnel-vision we hiked until dawn. One wrong turn due to fucked up blazes cost us a couple of miles.

We got to Elkwallow Shelter which was mucho full, so..we feasted and then slept in a fireplace_warm! An hour and a half later we took offwalking, several hours ahead of schedule and full of vim, vigor, vitality, and pain. We gradually slowed to 2 or 3 mph. The last mile or so, downhill, we went about 1 mph-very painfully. Got to Panorama and bought chili, mixed in some sardines and ate.

We were now 10 miles short of our first official bagout_ugh! Here we officially bagged out. But, as it were, it were not as easy as all that. We had to walk out to the drive and hitchhike to Skyland. There we rested on the drive near White Oak Canyon parking lot for 5 hours. Then finally, as despair was about to overcome us, our salvation came. They loaded us up, took us to Good Food, then home to my apartment.

Next morning, we felt great, so we went to the Smithsonian. Then we had dinner at Erbe's and slept at Mitch's. Got up in the rain the next AM and went canoeing on the Patapsco. I leave the details to the expert-Freki. Rich had his first whitewater trip, and at the other end I got my first C-2 ride. And the three of us had sore legs for a day or so...What a weekend.

Scott

OTTER CREEK:

Friday after much debating as to who was going backpacking to Canaan Valley and Otter Creek Linda, the fierce"Nipper", and myself headed for W.Va. After fighting off the pressing urge to sleep for 200 miles we arrived at the rain-ridden gutter in which we were to spend the night. Next morning dim and early we started out on the Mylius trail leading to Otter Creek. After passing a Boy Scout encampment complete with a 300ft. extension cord, we started up the mountain. The area was a virtual rain forest with its many lush ferns, mosses, and virgin maples. At the top of the ridge we hid our packs and did a 6 mile hike to see a virgin spruce grove. This was definately a worthwhile undertaking. For nearly 1 mile large hemlock spruce and rhododendrons filled the forest. 3 miles in we came to the shelter shown on the map. It had a unique water collecting feature. Water from the roof was collected in a gutter running into an underground holding tank with a spigot for tapping the supply. The shelter is on the ridge where no water can be found but the sistern water is drinkable. This idea might at some time be applied to the North Mt. Shelter. Another 3 miles with our packs brought us to the beautiful Otter Creek logging camp shelter where we surprisingly meet Jesus Perez and Ed James. Here we spent 2 days in the rain as has been the case on many past trips to this location. Sunday we hiked out and explored new roads on the trip back.

Eric

LEHIGH RIVER: July 6--8, 1973

We awoke Saturday morning to the roar of motorcycles. We had camped next to a group of cyclists at Rockport, on the Lehigh and so got up earlier than planned. There were 6 of us in 3 canoes: Eric Erbe and Mitch in Mitch's new ABS boat, Scott and Kathy Weston in a rented whitewater Grumman, and Kathy and I in Grendel. We all had added extra styrofoam flotation. A group of kayakers arrived and we were quizzed 3 times to see how stupid we were. The river was running at 2500 cfs with an average current of 10 mph and 1500 cfs is considered the limit for open boats. They finally decided we were marginally sane. The sight of the river roaring around the turn through 3 foot waves plus one kayaker's description of a mile long rapids worried us. We scouted the first 2 miles by car along an abandoned railroad grade and found nothing impossible, just many, many rapids with waves up to 5 ft. high. We decided to try the run anyway.

Every rapid had heavy waves of all description but few exposed rocks. All the stoppers and most of the giant waves were avoidable but more than once we were forced into running over 5 ft waves. The rapids had a set pattern with the best place to sneak them being right along the shore eddy on the inside of turns. Even this route couldn't avoid continuous 2 and 3 foot waves and occasional breakers. From Drakes Creek to Penn Springs the canyon was spectacular and the rapids built in intensity to a thundering wave field 3/4 of a mile long starting at the Tank Hollow Turn. Then the river flattened and the canyon eased. Above Black Creek the rapids began again and the canyon walls, lined with rock pinnacles, closed in. The canyon progressively deepened but the rapids stayed moderate, saving it for the end. One mile below Oxbow Bend we swept around the inside of a turn and entered a long rapids. At normal (900 cfs) water levels this would have been a series of class 3 rapids. At this level it was one continuous rapid with 6 ft waves, boulders with foaming eddies behind, and violent shore eddies. It seemed endless. After 3/4 of a mile we reached a decent eddy and pulled out to scout the rest. I gashed my leg climbing a cliff but found the end of the rapids. Scott and Eric found an obscure but good exit from the eddy and we finished without trouble. The rapids were a 1.3 mile long class 5.

We pulled ashore at the foot of Glen Onoko for drinking water. The cascades came like an oasis and we were soon sliding and splashing in them. We ended the trip at Jim Thorpe after doing 15 miles in 7 hours. We drove over to the hospital at Lehighton so I could get a tetanus shot. I ended up getting 6 stitches as the others demonstrated karate moves, from the frog position, to the locals.

We then drove home, arriving Sunday morning at various times.

Freki

CHEAT AND YOUGH: July 27--29, 1973

Due to the fact that I'm tired of typing, and there's not enough room for it on this page, there will be no written report on this one. If you're interested, ask the Frekis, Eric, Linda, Kathy W, or me. Notables that were omitted from the oral at the meeting are 11 dead skunks on the round trip, and 5 of us caught colds. Also, Eric and I decided on a new special feature for ANTEATER. It's to be known as the :

IK OF THE WEEK: Scouting the second half of Entrance Rapids on the Yough, we were moderately surprised to see a kayaker, with his boat broached in the middle of the rapid. With help he got it off--the bottom of it was split crosswise and smashed here and there. Looked like a brand new boat too...IK! Shit!

(If you think you've got an IK to warm our hearts, please submit it.)

THE NEXT TO LAST GREAT IDIOT TRIP: Memorial day(?)

As the present generation of TTC grows more sedate, there yet remain a few adherents to the classic style of idiot trip. Hope, faith, charity, the seven deadly sins, two dwarves, the four horsemen, and assorted others keep the faith alive. Our trip involved the "others"(though the seven deadly sins made frequent guest appearances.) Munchie, Nancy, Jo, Artie, Carol, Fester, Bourtai, and myself, met at seven on friday of memorial day weekend to go back-packing on Shavers Fork. It was raining and appeared that it would continue to do so, so after very little discussion we left for Maine. About four in the morning we rolled into Westborough and picked up Drew. By ten we were in Acadia National Park, setting up camp under an intensely blue sky. After lunch we hiked up Cadillac and Dorr, picked up armloads of firewood on the way back. Sunday was again clear, we were up early and hiked up Penobscot, Sargent, and the South Bubble. Spent a lot of time on the cliffs watching the surf come in. Monday morning was a lot drearier, we packed up and left at nine, it started raining when we hit the mainland and kept it up most of the way home. We arrived in C.P. at midnight. Cost per person \$7 gas \$X food.

Druid

THE CHIC-CHOCs -or- WHY HORSES CAN'T GET RHUBARB IN THE GASPE:

Right after I terminated my employment with Herman's \$ Atlas, Curt and I left for a week of something, somewhere. Freki mentioned to me that the Chic-Chocs on the Gaspe peninsula looked interesting on a map, so we decided to go see the three-d version. We drove up to Drew's, got some pizza from the Westborough House of Pizza **** watched a little TV, then took off again. The drive up 95 in Maine was mostly in the dark in the fog. Just before six, a little past Island Falls, a car passed me, drove on about 300 yards then calmly headed into the spruce trees at 65. That really set us emotionally for the rest of the day. We crossed into Canada Twice at St. Leonard the first time we went back so that Curt could get a receipt for his camera. We drove across "The Portage" to Cambellton, then around the end of Baie Chaleure (?) to Matapedie, on the Gaspe. Two things were immediately evident; one, that 90% of the roads on the peninsula are under repair or construction, and two, that all the land surface not covered with mountains or salt cod is covered with rhubarb. We followed the coast east in constant view of the mountains, crossed a lot of small rivers all low. Finally we reached the Gaspesie, a large river that flows from the interior, and followed up the road that parallels it. We drove five miles and were in the mountains. They are very close to the sea. The interior reminded me very much of the Laurentians further west and south; high central plateau with roche-moutones type peaks popping up here and there. Further north in the Parc des Gaspesie the plateau is pretty much gone and the relief of the mountains is greater. Here the White Mountains are closer in form, though the elevation is not as high. Jaques Cartier is 4100 and Mont Albert is 3900. Both have over a 3000' change in altitude. Large sections of the Chic-Chocs are virgin Taiga. Large sections are not so virgin. Between logging and fires, some areas have been really trashed out. A big section of the park was burnt over in '65. We packed to the top of Mont Albert, had tremendous views. The top is a huge plateau with large cirques cut into the sides. The entire summit is arctic tundra. We got caught in a hail and lightning storm and weathered it out in a muskeg about ten feet lower than the surrounding rocks. After the storm, we set up camp and spent the night. Much better weather the next day. We spent the morning roaming the tundra and taking pic-

tures of waterfalls and ice tunnels in the snow. The trip down was a horrendous 2000' bushwack down rocks, mixed taiga and park tundra, and across an ice cold stream. The rest of the way back to the car we had a good trail to follow and passed Chute du Diable, a 300' waterfall on a branch of the Riviere Ste. Anne. There are good trail systems on both Jaques Cartier and Mont Albert, road access from the north is good, from the south on 70 miles of gravel road. The northern approach may be clear in winter. From here, we drove east to the town of Gaspé then west along the southern coast. Beer, rhubarb, and maple sugar quite plentiful. We crossed into New Brunswick on a small ferry boat to Dalhousie.

Druid

Happiness is:

- a brick to a backpacker
- Great Falls to the experienced canoeist
- Paint Branch to the inexperienced canoeist
- Hell Hole to the caver
- Sugarloaf(Brazil)to the climber
- Fieldhouse to the Drinker
- Good Food to the eater

and:

Ants to the Anteater....keep them ants comin' in folks...
slurp, sloop, gulmp!

In this ever-inflating economy of ours, where prices run amok, and energy costs more and more each day, and poor people starve in Appalachia noutfitters, and you ask yourself constantly, what can I do to give my life more meaning, what can I do to help, here's a subtle hint passed along by the flying ace whom we all know and love:

GOT ANY GREEN STAMPS?????

- NEXT ISH: Where to go swimming in the world...
Trail club equipment list...
Your name in print(if you submit written materials)
Your name in other print if you don't
Staff research project--what type noise does an anteater make?
and other useful facts, figures, and formulae